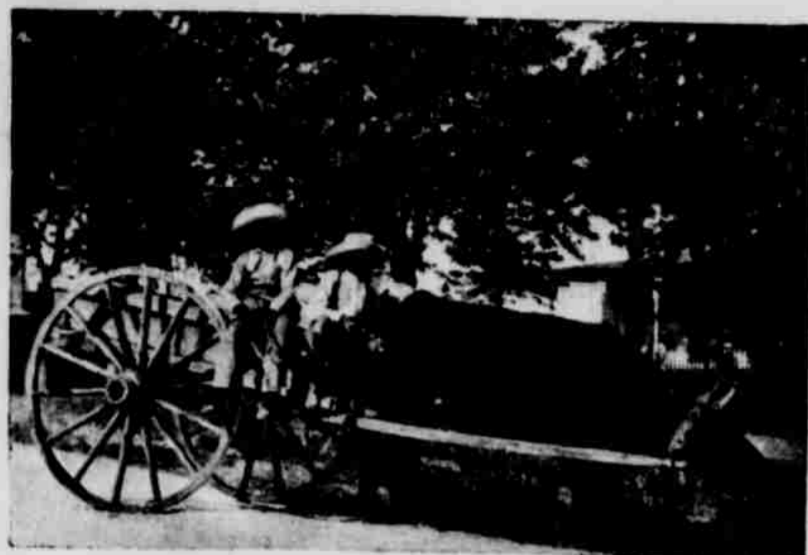


The Passing of the Old South—By W. C. POOLE

THE Old South is passing. Tennessee and Oklahoma electors to cast their votes for a Republican President. The commercial and industrial spirit of the North is permeating it. The



Old-fashioned oxcart, fast becoming obsolete.

sent Republican cotton mills are building factory towns around them. The oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma are not unlike those of other sections of the country. Richmond is becoming a commercial center. Atlanta is called by various names indicating its life. Birmingham is known as the Pittsburgh of the South. All of the cities and towns seem taking on the life

and industrial spirit of the North, except in a few cases. Cotton, tobacco, iron, oil and coal for factories are commercializing the South.

Automobiles are doing more to break up the old customs of the Old South than anything else. They are teaching the value of time, removing the horror of lonely isolation, bringing the southern planter into close contact with city and town life, giving his family the chance to have the social life it needs, breaking down the old traditions of ease and indifference, and waking a new spirit of efficiency everywhere. Florida, with one car for every 17 persons, has more automobiles per capita than New York state. Maryland has more

cars per capita than either New York or Massachusetts. This ratio exists in spite of a large population of poor Negroes who do not own cars. While such a ratio does not exist over the entire South as compared with the North and West, the growth is remarkable.

The mule and the ox are being kept closer at home than ever for tilling the soil and making short hauls. The old-fashioned oxcart rides are fast passing away. The folk who can remember the war of the sixties are few and no longer aggressive. Their children are more concerned about the future than the past. While rural sections still retain the old hospitality, the hotels of the cities and towns are as purely commercial as those of New York. Their rates are sometimes greater. Even the old-fashioned life of the colored folk is being changed by their children who have been to the big cities to get the big war wages.

In some isolated sections and rural communities conditions exist almost as they did 70 years ago. Happy contentment is seen. They have food enough and coal bills never trouble them. Wood for fuel is abundant and can be had for the cutting of it in the wood lot, which usually is found on each farm. Each family raises its own hogs for meat, and anti-cholera serum treatment has removed fear of this hitherto dreaded disease each autumn. Snow is unknown in many places. The fear is expressed in some quarters that it will not get cold enough for rabbits and possums and coons to get fat. Planting begins in February and harvesting ends with December. Strawberries, peaches, plums, cherries, cantaloupes, watermelons, are in abundance in every garden and not thought good except when picked on the same day they are eaten.

College education is the goal of the white folk. However poor, they aim for a college education. As a result, more white persons in ratio to the total number of white folk, get a college education in the South than anywhere else. Of course, this excludes counting the colored population, and the mountain whites in some sections, who sometimes today are living not unlike Abraham Lincoln lived in early youth.

While one must welcome the industrial and commercial awakening of the New South, he can scarcely refrain from moist eyes at the passing of the Old South, with all its hospitality and traditions.

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was subordinated to the sole consideration of victory, but it has frequently reasserted itself and must now receive attention. Our experiences with the railroads should be sufficient warning of the commercial and financial dangers of inflated first costs. There can be no question whatever that our war-built shipping actually, and in most cases unavoidably, cost very much more than any other shipping afloat, and it cannot meet the customary annual charges on such first cost and compete in normal times with ships paying normal fixed charges on normal first costs.

We must be candid with ourselves; and the value of the ships owned by the government must be reduced to their actual value for competitive purposes at the present time, and the difference between that value and the first cost should be charged to the cost of winning the war.

The interest on that difference, the corresponding contribution to the sinking fund, and the corresponding allowance for depreciation will be treated thus as war losses, and this surely is preferable to a continued failure to make annual payments on account of the merchant marine to interest, sinking fund and depreciation.

The real value, the usefulness of our merchant shipping, is not affected by this change of book values, for that depends on the physical and financial adaptability of the ships to the trades in which they are employed and on the intelligence, prudence, energy, and foresight with which they are managed and navigated.

The possession of a vast tonnage afloat is gratifying to national pride, but it must not lead us to overlook the responsibilities which that possession imposes, particularly in view of the fact that most of this tonnage is employed in foreign trade and must conform therefore in the main to the reasonable requirements of custom and practice as determined by the experience of maritime nations.

For some years the proposition of rehabilitating the American merchant marine has been discussed by all parties in interest. Today the American merchant marine has been rehabilitated, but the problem of maintaining it remains. While, on the one hand, it may be considered to have been a miraculous performance when the great ocean carrying fleet was built, yet, on the other hand, it will be a more difficult proposition, requiring constructive statesmanship, to lay down the policy that shall be followed in order to keep under the American flag the ships that have been built. This means more than a law requiring that that be done. It means the following of a policy that will make it commercially practicable to keep these ships under the American flag.

The Department of Commerce, which was established as the maritime branch of government and has within its jurisdiction the merchant shipping of the United States as well, so far as the navigation laws are applicable to it, the vast government fleet owned by the United States Shipping Board, is inadequately equipped for the performance of duties imposed on it. The need of rigid economy at this time in all branches of Federal expenditure is fully recognized, but at the same time the expenditure of \$3,000,000,000 within three years on the ship building and the entry into foreign trade of the tonnage built require additions to administrative machinery.

The Department of Commerce has been compelled to take a part in the discussion of technical questions of construction inseparable from the possession of a merchant fleet in foreign trade. The lack of a small amount, between \$50,000 and \$75,000, compelled the Department of Commerce to state frankly to those con-

cerned about the reputation of the fleet that no money was available for necessary study or preparation for consultation!

What is evidently necessary, and urgently necessary, is more liberal and adequate provision by Congress in facilitating the work of the Department of Commerce. For huge as these separate and distinct problems are, they are not the only problems of an administrative character with which the department is identified. There are many others.

There is the National Bureau of Standards, which has awakened interest during the recent years on account of the fundamental importance of standardization as a national policy; there is the Bureau of Fisheries, which deals with the various branches of the fisheries industries; the Bureau of Lighthouses, with its important life-saving and property-saving activities; the Coast and Geodetic Survey—the only institution of its kind in the country; the Bureau of the Census, and, of course, other activities of subordinate nature.

One of the greatest needs of the Department of Commerce is a permanent home for the proper housing of its several bureaus and divisions. This matter has been repeatedly mentioned, but it must be repeated. The present building, a rented structure, is inadequate to the growing needs of the department, and it is ob-

vious that, with the overcrowding and scattering of activities, results so highly desirable cannot be obtained.

A related difficulty is that of remuneration for experienced employes and officials of the various bureaus. Practically every service is handicapped by the fact that private business concerns find it possible to pay experienced men much more than the Department of Commerce can. It is not necessary to meet this competition from business houses on an exactly equal footing, as there are certain considerations that make special work under government auspices particularly stimulating and interesting and offset to a certain extent the disparity in pay. But the advantage as a whole lies with the business-house, and I am firmly of the belief that it would be worth while for the government, and for business as well, to make it possible to retain the best men in the service for at least four or five years instead of one or two years, as at present.

As a nation, in conclusion, we have generally depended on luck and hustle to produce the big results of which we are so fond. We have not realized that evolution, stability, and a long look into the future are essential to success on a big scale. We have been looking fondly at the size of the superstructure, and have paid little attention to the foundations.

The Pearl of Orr's Island

ASK any resident of Maine about "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and you will not be disappointed at the response. The one-time home of Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe is widely known in those parts, even as her name is celebrated throughout the world as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

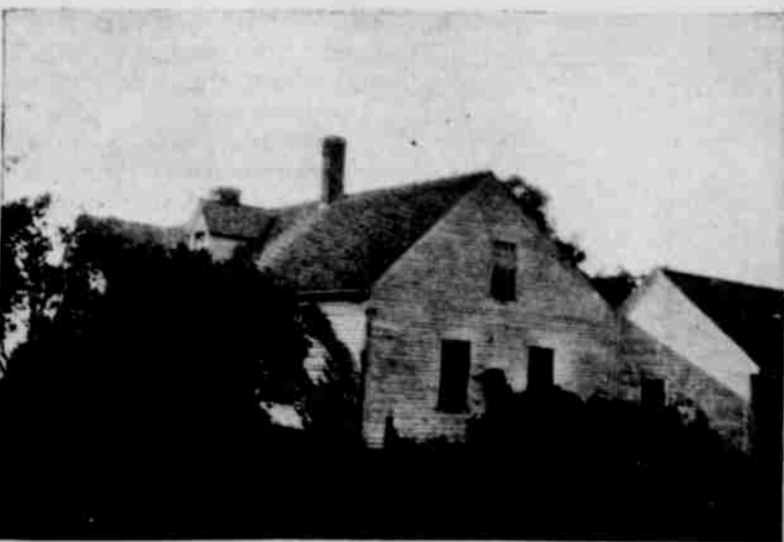
Visitors reach the island by a little steamer from Portland, which threads its way daily among the many islands, big and little, which stud Casco Bay, Maine. On landing from the steamer, a picturesque little building greets the eye, extending a hospitable invitation to the hungry, while a short distance farther inshore the more pretentious Merritt House has dinner ready. The number of guests for this hotel is announced by the steamer while some distance from the landing place—each blast of the whistle signifying ten likely diners.

After fifteen or twenty minutes' walk down the island, a sign to the left points the way to the Pearl House, beside Harpswell Bay. Although some changes have been made, in the main, the little two-story cottage remains the same as when Mrs. Stowe lived in it, and gave it additional fame by making it the central feature of her novel, "The Pearl of Orr's Island."

Mrs. Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1812. Her father was the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher; her brother, Henry Ward Beecher. She died on July 1, 1896. It is told that when she visited the White House in 1863, President Lincoln took her hand, and, looking down on her from his great height, remarked: "Is this the little woman who brought on so great a war?" Yet, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hardly warrants such a conclusion; although it was a terrible indictment against the principle of slavery.

"Sunday morning rose clear and bright on Harpswell Bay. The whole sea was a waveless, blue looking-glass, streaked with bands of white, and flecked with sailing cloud-shadows from the skies above. Orr's Island, with its blue-black spruces, its silver firs, its golden larches, its scarlet sumachs, lay on the bosom

of the deep like a great, many-colored gem on an enchanted mirror. A vague, dreamlike sense of rest and Sabbath stillness seemed to brood in the air. The very spruce trees seemed to know that it was Sunday, and



Home of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

to point solemnly upward with their dusky fingers; and the small tide-waves that chased each other up on the shelly beach, or broke against projecting rocks, seemed to do it with a chastened decorum, as if each blue-haired wave whispered to his brother, 'Be still—be still.'

That was the spot which the talented writer chose for her home, as described in her novel, and while her main claim to enduring fame may rest upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to many her "Pearl of Orr's Island" will always be endeared as a graphic picture of the simple, God-fearing New England folk.